## LONE HOLLOW

Or. The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

BY JAMES M. MERRILL ADTHOR OF "BOGU BILL" "FISHER JOE" OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XXX .- CONTINUED.

• The house was gloomy, and the sound of his feet sent a cold chill over him.

He passed out and walked to the edge of the gulch, a little way off. The depths were shadowed and gloomy. Autumnal frosts had changed the leaves to brown and

frosts had changed the leaves to brown and yellow in places, and the air that sighed through the trees was chill and uncomfortable. There seemed premonition of an early winter in its breath.

While he stood there with the grim shadows of the short afternoon lengthening into the gloom of night, Captain Starbright thought of the past, of the year gone in which his brain had schemed and plotted for self-aggrandizement.

"It is more than two years now since I struck the first blow for the Vandible mill-

"It is more than two years now since I struck the first blow for the Vandible million amid the hills of California," he muttered, inaudibly, while his thoughts ran on. Then came the sudden death of the other, and my coming to Lone Hollow to win the friendship of an easily-duped old man. I pretended to be the friend of his idolized though erratic brother, and brought him a memento from the far-off land of gold. I told how I had ministered to the dying, and completely won old Morgan Vandible's heart. Karl, his youngest brother, he idolized. He would have made him his heir had he lived. This the old millionaire told me in confidence. It seems that the blow that sent Karl over the precipice in the gold range did not kill. the gold range did not kill.

the gold range did not kill
"My treachery might have been discovered, for Karl Vandible lived, but he came back from that fall a crazed being. I sup-posed I had nothing to fear, and yet he posed I had nothing to fear, and yet he recognized me that night in front of Lone Hollow, when he fired with murderous intention. It is well that I made sure work of the old man at last. The pool will never yield up its secret to mortal man." The mention of the pool seemed to affect

the Captain strongly.

He straightened suddenly and began walking away from the edge of the gulch. Soon his form was lost to view in the gath-

cedar-fringed pool.

How cold and forbidding looked the black water. There was not a ripple on its sur-face, and the silence that rested over ev-

ery thing was oppressive.

"An uncanny place," muttered the Captain. "Much like a tomb, indeed. No secret can come forth from thy depths, old nia gulch. You reveal no secrets, that gulch

Then he walked completely around the Then he wanted completely around the pool, scanning the water from every point. It was a solemn place, and the time one to bring gloomy thoughts to the brain of the lone man who stood thoughtfully regarding the caim water. Swiftly the minutes passed.

Night's curtain dropped from the skies and wrapped its folds softly over bush, and tree, and water.

Not a sound but the faint margur of the evening breeze through gold-brown treetops. And Captain Starbright allowed his

thoughts full sway.

He had once been the pride of a kind mother's heart—his father he never knew, and he recalled the time now when his hands were free from stain, his soul untarticular had a successful to the stain of the stain had swere free from stain, his soul untarticular that he had a successful to the stain his soul untarticular that he had a successful to the stain had a successful to the stain had successful nished by blood guiltiness.

"I have gone too far to retrace my steps now," he cried aloud, as though holding

"Too far!" What was that! An echo of his own tered. He trembled and gazed about him in the shadows. The words were not repeated, but his eyes became riveted on one spot on the further shore of the pool. Slowly a human figure rose and stood facing him. A glimmer of starlight touched the face. It was ghastly white. There was a rope about the neck, a clinging stone, drip-ping wet! Starbright gazed in silent horor at his murdered victim. It was the face of the dead man of the pool! The blood re-eeded from his heart, a deadly faintness

CHAPTER XXXI.

Starbright fell fainting to the ground.

"Found at last!" Impenetrable gloom surrounded the per son who uttered these words, save for the small circle of light made by a strongsmelling tallow dip, that sputtered and threatened to go out at any moment.

Weird shadows danced along the rafters and played hide and seek among queer little nocks. A young man knelt on the rough boards of the garret at Lone Hollow, with an old, battered, hair-covered trunk open before him. That which brought from open before him. That which brought from his lips the words opening this chapter he held up to the light in his hand—a folded legal document, yellow with age, tied with

The young man who held up the folded paper read on one side these words:
"Last will and testament of Morgan Van-

"Found at last!" again ejaculated young man. "My search has not been in vain. I have looked everywhere, and was on the point of giving up, when, lo! it pops up like a thing of life from the bottom of this old chest. Your course is well nigh run, Clinton Starbright, falsely dubbed

A sound below cut short the young man's speech. He concealed the precious paper, extinguished the light, and hurriedly made

his exit from the close air of the garret.
When he gained the hall below, which
was dimly lighted by bracket-lamps, the man's face stood revealed, and we recog-nize him as the genial hunter, Louis Fin gal. He passed to the end of the hail, lifted window and peered out into the night,

"I hear no sound of wheels," he muttered. "I hope Dr. Colton and his patient will not disappoint me to-night. To watch that villain, and guard a precious life, without making a balk, is tiresome and dangerous. It must be time, too, for that infamous Captain to come nosing about. I heard him tell Lucy that she need not look for him in several days, but I judge that to be a blind. Possibly, however, he may be a blind. Possibly, however, he may have taken the alarm. He was out until late last night, and seemed pale and agi-tated when he returned."

tated when he returned."

The reader can readily guess why the Captain was agitated on the previous night. The apparition at the pool had completely unnerved him for a time. On the morning following he had driven away toward Stonefield, assuring both Lura and Lucy that he intended to be absent several days. Fingal had been where he overheard this, but he had not believed it.

After listening a minute Fingal closed the window and turned his steps toward Grace's room. He tound the door closed, and at once applied his hand to the knob. It

ing to the floor Fingal attempted to the room through the keyhole. No

He then made a discovery.

The hole had been stoutly plugged!

the knob and shook the door.

No answer from within.

A chill shot to the heart of Fingal. He called the name of Lucy and of Grace, but received no snawer. A terrible fear oppressed the young hunter's heart as he turned from the door and hurried to the stairs. He sped down these, three steps at a time, and came near landing in the arms of the colored maid.

"Lucy, you here?" demanded Fingal, hoarsely, "Who is with Grace?"

"Miss Luca. I spect."

hoarsely, "Who is with "Miss Lura, I 'spect." "I do not believe it."

"I do not believe it."

"But I left her dar—"

"Something is wrong," interrupted Fingal, seizing and shaking the maid furiously.

"You haven't been faithful, girl. The door to Grace's room is locked. Have you the key!"
"Deed, marse, I hasn't."

Fingal stood irresolute for one moment, then sprang to the outer door, opened it and passed out into the night. He hastened to the side of the building, to a spot where a light glimmered from an upper window, the window of Grace Penroy's For an instant the young man stood

rresolute; then, seeming to remember something, he sped to the rear of the old house and in less than a minute returned bearing in his hands a ladder. It was but

short work to place this up against the side of the house.

It just reached the window-sill.

A moment later the young hunter was mounting swiftly upward. He soon gained the top and although the containing the containing swiftly upward. he top and although the curtains were irawn he found a crevice through which

drawn he found a crevice through which he could peer into the room.

What he saw caused him to start and nearly fall from the ladder. His hands clinched the stone sill until the blood seemed ready to burst from beneath the nails. In the center of the room stood Captai

Starbright, with a look on his face that was actually terrifying. It was only with the utmost effort that Fingal held himself from falling.

The Captain's hat lay on the floor. His from falling.

The Captain's hat lay on the floor. His coat was off, his arms bare to the elbows, and he was evidently meditating some terrible deed. Fingal saw him move toward the bed, gaze for one moment at the placid face of the apparently sleeping girl, then bend forward with the look of a flend, and

wine his fingers about the throat of his unsuspecting victim.

"Great heaven! he would strangle her?" gasped Fingal, hoarsely, almost losing his hold in the intensity of his horror. With a mighty effort he steadied himself, seized the sash, lifted it swiftly and plunged head-

ong into the room.

The noise and the unexpected appearan of the hunter startled the would-be assas-sin from his work, and he at once turned his attention to the new-comer. He glared an instant in evident alarm, then, with an mprecation, sprang at the youth as he cam "Murderer!" cried Fingal.

"Ha! the infernal hunter sneak. I'll throttle you for this!" and Captain Starbright, evidently completely mastered by rage and fear, sprang with the fury of a madman at the throat of his unwelcome Together the two went to the floor in

struggie for the mastery. At the same time a wild scream filled the room. Grace. wakened by the combat, was terribly frightened, and it was her voice that filled

alarm.

Fingal struggled desperately, but seemed to be no match for the infuriated Captain.

"I'll throttle you!" hissed Starbright.

"You have meddled with me and my affairs for the last time."

At this moment the long black hair on Fingal's head came into the ciutches of Starbright, another moment and his best

Fingal's head came into the clutches of Starbright, another moment and his locks were free from the head of his antagonist. With a great cry Captain Starbright came to his feet, quickly followed by the hunter. A hand tried the door, and a voice without demanded admittance. Unheeding this the Captain stood staring at Fingal. His astoundment seemed too full for words.

And no wonder.

Before him stood, in the person of Fingal, another person entirely. There was no mis-taking that face, the pug nose, with mus-

foretop.
"Lura Joyce, as I live!" exclaimed the astounded Captain.

The girl regarded him with folded arms, breathing short, her eyes flashing, her white teeth gleaming. She felt herself mistress of the situation. Her hand shot

forward suddenly, a bright object gleam ing at the end.
"Your race is run, Captain Starbright," she uttered lowly yet flercely. "Stand aside, I wish to open the door." He seemed to have no desire to thwart

her wishes while a cocked revolver was pointed toward his breast, and so he obeyed without a word. He glanced at the bed to note the fact that Grace had fainted.

With some difficulty Lura turned the key and admitted Dr. Arthur Colton.

"Alone!" uttered Lura. "Wait."
This was all. The doctor glanced at Captain Starbright, then at the girl. He seemed astonished to find her in male attire and Lura fancied she saw a look of semi-

disgust on his grave face.
"I can explain, Arthur—"
"It doesn't matter," he uttered, shortly
"My business is with Clinton Starbright I suppose you recognize me, Captain?"
Starbright had recovered his composure, and stood with folded arms regarding the

doctor from under frowning brows.
"I suppose I do. You are the gentle who pretends to a knowledge of medicine Dr. Colton."

"The same-" "But let me tell you," grated the Captain, with angry vehemence, "I have permitted your interference here to the cost of a life. Look yonder at your work. You shall suffer for this—this murde-."

Quickly Dr. Colton stepped to the side of Grace and bent over the wasted form. moment thus, then he faced the inmates the room once more. "She has fainted. It is better so for the present. Should she die you will have another murder to answer for. I know that you have been systema

ally poisoning this "That is false!" oning this girl-"Don't interrupt me," said the doctor with strange calmness, no trace of emotion on his grave face. "I made a discovery not long since that startled and shocked me be youd measure. You had the reputation of

"No, but on several accounts I will proceed. Some years ago you fell in with Mr. Penroy, Grace's father, and became very intimate with him. He trusted you fully, intimate with him. He trusted you fully, and to his cost. The time came when that man was brought home dead, with his skull crushed, said to have been caused by the kick of a horse. I believe, however, that it was done by a club, and that it was a part of a plot formulated in California to gain possession of a million dollars."

"Indeed!" smeered the Captain.
"I am getting shead of my story, however," proceeded the doctor, as Captain Starbright coolly assumed a chair. The doctor and Lura remained standing, however.

RESULTS OF PROTECTION.

he Inevitable Result of Taxing the Man for the Benefit of the Few. Among the protectionist manufac urers who used bulldozing pay envelopes in the last campaign was P. K. Dederick, who makes hay presses, brick machines, etc., at Albany, N. Y. One of his pay envelopes contained

the following:
THE ONE ISSUE OF THIS CAMPAIGN: SHALL AMERICAN GOODS AND PRODUCTS, OR ENGLISH GOODS AND PRODUCTS, STOCK OUR HOME MARKET? SHALL AMERICAN WAGES OR ENGLISH WAGES

BE PAID TO OUR WORKING-MEN AND WORKING-WOMEN?
The following headlines from the Albany Express (Rep.) of recent date are valuable for comparison:

WAGES HEAVILY CUT. P. E. DEDERICK'S MEN MUST ACCEPT 23 PER
CENT. REDUCTION OR GO.
The woodworkers in the employ of P. K.
Dederick, manufacturer of hay presses, brick
machines, etc., have been notified that their
wages will hereafter be 25 per cent, lower than
before. They have not been asked whether
they will accept the reduction; it has simply
been thrust upon them.

This is only one instance out of hundreds of others which occur as a matter of course, for it is a matter of course that however favored corpora-tions are benefited by the high tariff laws, they will keep these benefits to themselves as a matter of business and not part with them to their workmen out of philanthropy. The great strike at Fall River was starved out without loss to the corporations, but with great loss and suffering to the employes. Other strikes against organized corporations will have the

same end.

The economic principle is plain, and all whose livelihood is not derived from interest or dividends on capital ought to understand it as well as capitalists do. It is this: Where a market is controlled by combinations or laws favoring combinations so as to prevent natural competition, the organized manufacturing corporations are benefited by strikes which limit supply. On the same principle under which trusts shut down mills to limit supply, they can afford to force strikes by cutting wages. The falling off in supply in the controlled market enhances the value of the stock already manufactured, while at the same time it results in a saving of wages. It is only when prices become so high that the high tariff tax can no longer prevent importations that the combined corporations must begin manufacturing in order to hold their market.

Under such conditions the strike must fail. The strikers do not diminish the supply of labor so as to control prices, for they have no control over the labor market and they can not so organize as to control it. The labor market is open to the world's supply. The market for the corporation is shut off by law from the world, and these aws prevent his working-men from forcing fair wages from him, simply because in a single market under con trol he gains during a general strike the wages he would have paid as well as whatever enhancement of values of products results from increased supply. If he had open competition, he could not afford to cut wages and force strikes. He would be obliged to run his mill or lose his market.—St. Louis Republic.

TOUGH ON DUDLEY.

The Great Indiana Corruptionist Repudi ated by His Friend Harrison.

The attack on President Harrison by W. W. Dudley will strengthen the President with all respectable people. It was by Mr. Harrison's association with such men as Dudley, Blaine, uav. Elkins and others of that he first laid himself open to suspicions which ought never to attach to a President of the United States That he is now attempting to redeen himself from this association, at least in Dudley's case, appears plainly from the letter written by that notorious corruptionist to S. Van Pelt of Anderson, Ind. Mr. Harrison, Dudley writes, "has lost his backbone and is too cowardly to be seen consulting with me for the simple reason that the copperheads and rebels of Indiana ave trumped up a lot of charges against me. He seems entirely ob livious to the fact that it was through my efforts that Indiana was saved to

It will be greatly to Mr. Harrison's credit if he remains thus oblivious. Dudley is no more responsible, perhaps, for the frauds in Indiana than Quay or Clarkson, who co-operated with him in carrying them out, but he alone was detected. He exposed himself and the frauds in a letter over his own signature; and though the frauds were consummated; though through them Indiana was carried for Harrison. he, as President, would be guilty of the grossest indecency in rewarding a man who not only gave him his seat by fraud, but did it in such a way as to put the stigma of fraud upon it.

In a word, Dudley was caught. So also was Blaine, whom Mr. Harrison at once made Secretary of State, but he could no more avoid doing this than he could avoid appointing Windom. Wanamaker. Proctor and Clarkson. It is necessary, however, to draw the line somewhere, and the inference from Dudley's latest letter that he has drawn it at Dudley is extremely gratifying to that by no means inconsideraple class of people who believe that the President of the United States should have a sense of decency.-Chicago Herald.

Senators Must Be Protected

Another lesson in "protection." Sen ator McMillan, of Michigan, has a large establishment for the construction of freight cars at Detroit. A suggestion comes from influential quar ters at Washington that import duty should be charged on Canadian-built freight cars coming into this country over Canadian railroads. It is esti mated that there are 3,000 such cars in use on our railroads. Senator Mo-Millan wants them sent back and replaced with cars from his shops. should be succeed in his "protection designs Canada will, doubtless, levy luty on American built cars, and the commerce between the two countries will be again obstructed. Great is "protection," especially to United States Sanators.—Albany (N. I.) ArSELNE I ARY PROCTOR.

cimen of the Patriots Evolved by

Republican Party.

The New York World sent a memb of its staff to Rutland, Vt., to find out what manner of a man Redfield Proctor, the new Secretary of War, is He finds that Proctor is the wealthiest man in Vermont; that he has made all his money in fourteen years; that he was originally a lawyer, which led to his appointment in 1875 as receiver of Meyers & Dorr, who then ran the Sunderland Falls quarries, and, having had a disagreement, had their affairs wound up in the courts; that when the receivership ended Proctor was found to be the owner of the quarries; that the protective tariff gave him a chance to operate them with immense profits, which he improved to the utmost; that by paying the lowest possible wages, running "pluck me" stores where two prices were charged for every thing, and compelling his employes to live in his tenements at fancy rentals, he kept them all so poor that they were never able to leave his service, lest starvation overtake them before they could get out of town: that he organized a big marble trust, which, however, expired by limitation last year; and that, as matters cuit. stand, he comes pretty nearly owning Osborn has a romantic history. Vermont, and is in a fair way to get the whole State before he dies. has killed fifteen men. When the war broke out he enlisted in the South-

This enterprising statesman went to the Chicago convention last June at the head of the Vermont delegation; and on every ballot, from the first to the last, when his State was called he responded: "Vermont casts her eight votes for Benjamin Harrison, of In- outrages under the semblance of law. diana." During the campaign he gave the National Republican Committee a great big check. And now he is Secretary of War.

It is thus that "statesmen" are evolved in this Republic in these latter days.-Indianapolis Senticel.

UNBORN INDUSTRIES.

Though They May Never See the Light, Yet They Must Be Protected. The demand for protection to infant industries has had greater growth charred embers of that home he than the industries themselves. Within the last year or two this protection the killing of his father's murderers, has been asked for infants yet unborn. This was noted last year in the discussion of the Mills bill, when the neighbors. The murderers, after placing of tin plate on the free list was vigorously opposed. It was mount Sterling to join the Union argued by the friends of the bill that army. Bill and his men set out at there was no tin plate manufactured once in hot pursuit. He overtook in this country, and that the Government did not need the revenue; the re- camped between the outer and second ply was that there was a fellow somewhere in the United States who con- He ran them of into the hills by night templated establishing a manufactory to make tin plate within a few years in a row and with his own hand shot if he could see his way clear in making it pay; and, for the protection of this industry unborn, we are paying a his life. Soon after this he captured tariff of one cent a pound on the material of many articles of universal Liberty, in Morgan County, and

It seems we are not paying enough tax on this article of prime necessity. The Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association, while admitting that our importations of iron and steel are about as small as they have ever been, refers mournfully to the fact that we are importing increased quantities of tin plates from Great Britain, and as will enable this country to supply its own tin plates.

As a specimen of the arrogance of protection, this demand is worth remembering. It is nothing to this favored interest that the cost of the laborer's dinner pail shall be doubled, a few tons more of iron. The ironmonger is beside himself; much protection has made him mad. -Louisville Courier-Journal.

POLITICAL COMMENT. -Up to date Colonel William Dudley had been appointed only to a roving commission. The genuine offices appear to be out of his reach. -Atlanta

Constitution. -It is reported from Washington that Senators Quay and Sherman have "fallen out." If there is any truth in the old proverb there should be some hope that honest men may profit

thereby.-Chicago Leader. -The Philadelphia Press (Rep.) said of Quay in 1885 that his nomina tion for State Treasurer of Pennyslvania "would take the lid from off the treasury and uncover secrets before which Republicans would stand

-Corporal Tanner's interpretation of the intent and meaning of the laws in relation to pensions is against the United States Treasury every time. His generosity with other people's money is something stupendous -Boston Herald.

-The difference between George Washington and Benjamin Harrison is a good deal more than a hundred years. We say this advisedly and without prejudice. It takes a mighty power ful microscope to bring out any salien features in some specimens. - Chicago News.

-With the vote of the South white and black, divided upon other than the race issue, the 'solid South' bugaboo will no longer be of use to the Northern demagogue and Democracy will gain in the North more than it can lose in the South.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

-After all, in this country all power resides in the people. Sometimes they are slow to exercise it, but when their wrath is excited and they move together nothing can stand in their way. The trusts will not be with us long. Sooner or later they will have to go. - Atlanta Constitution -Even the protection organ, the Philadelphia Press, admits the force of the apprehensions of tariff reformers regarding Porter. It says: "The free-traders are afraid that under the direction of Superintendent Porter the new census will show up very strong for protection. We don't mind knowledging to these anxious gentle men that their fears are not wholly groundless." There is no doubt that the new census, unlike any previous census, will show up very strong for protection, for Porter is the hired agent of the protectionists, and that's the kind of census they want.—Chicago Herald

BILL OSBORN'S RECORD.

Quiet-Mannered Kentuckian Who Killed Fifteen Men in His Time. It is fit that the heroes should be numerated who participated in the ardships and dangers of Captain Brown's raid into the woods of Knott. and first of all the story of Bill Osborn, the mildest-mannered gentleman that ever kept a private grave-yard. Bill keeps a cross-road grocery in the little hamlet of Goodloe. He is apparently orty or forty-five years of age, of nedium height, and sparely built. He dresses in black cloth and wears a black felt hat with a low crown. He has a face which would be hard for a physiognomist to read. It is not a bad face; in fact, it has rather a mild. benevolent expression. The nose is large and slightly tip-tilted. The eyes are blue; there is a little mustache on the upper lip; the corners of the mouth turn downward. The jaw is heavy and of irregular outline and the chin is strong. In the raid Bill rode a little bay mare, which bounced along the road in a hard trot. If he had worn a white shirt instead of the red flannel garment which appeared above his vest he might have been taken for a Methodist parson riding on his cir-

ern army and fought in Kentucky. Virginia and Tennessee under General Marshall. In 1862 what was known as the confiscation law was passed. It gave bad men a chance to perpetrate Osborn's father lived at this time in Wolf County. One day he was plowing in the field when sixteen of his neighbors galloped up, riddled him with bullets, burned his house and drove off his stock. Bill was with Marshall in Eastern Kentucky when news of the outrage reached him. He summoned a few of his friends about him, mounted his horse, and never stopped riding till he reached the ruins of his old home. Over the swore an oath of vengeance to make his life work. He learned their identity from his mother and his their dastardly crime, had set out for seven of the men while they were enlines of pickets of the Union army. and the next morning he stood them them down. Afterward he ate as hearty a breakfast as he ever ate in three more of the men at West

killed them. He visited vengeance on the rest from time to time. He killed a man named Ghost in Wolf County while he was plowing in the field. After shooting him he took the dead man's hat and carried it to his home, gave it to his wife, and told her he had killed her husband and that he was sorry to have had to do it, but his oath had forced calls for such an increase in the duty him to it. He followed two men to Missouri and killed them there. Of the sixteen men who murdered his father he has killed fourteen. Two are still living. One of these has a bullet-hole through his ear, which was made by Bill's revolver, and the other is in an insane asylum. Bill's provided a market be produced for fifteenth man he killed a few years ago in a personal quarrel.-Liverpool

SCIENCE AND ANIMALS.

The Potentiality of Superstitions in Dogs

Do animals see ghosts? Of course there are no ghosts, but that makes no difference. Science and philosophy agree that it is not at all improbable that nothing really exists and that nothing is, except perturbations of brain cells. Any thing that we may think we see may not, after all, have any existence-at any rate, it does not exist as we see it. Do animals know about ghosts and do they think they see them? In his latest book Sir John Lubbock undertakes to tell how the world appears to animals, but he doesn't enter into the possibilities of superstitions among dogs and horses. for instance. Certainly the world does not appear the same to the ant that it does to man; and not quite the same to the dog and horse, since the dog and the horse do not laugh. If we take the conclusions of science respecting the development of intelligence, we ought to be able to believe that the more intelligent of the lower animals have superstitions that correspond in some measure to those of the least intelligent human beings.

That many animals reason, draw ogical inferences beyond the operation of instinct, is pretty well settled. When a dog or a horse has exhausted all its experience in attempting to account for certain phenomena, does it conclude that the thing is supernatural or out of the order of explicable phenomena? Novelists tell us about the amazing fear of horses and dogs ordinarily fearless, when placed under conditions that excite the fear of superstitious persons. Are there facts to warrant this? If dogs and horses ee ghosts they must be capable of the simplest form of religious emotion; that is to say, the fear of the inexplicable, which in the savage is regarded by science as the beginning of religion. Dogs have what in science passes for moral sense. They are conscious of wrong doing and practice self restraint. Of course it all grows out of the experience that the doing of certain things is attended with more pain than the momentary pleasure, but this, science tells us, is the basis of the moral sense. At all events science is bound to admit the potentiality of su-perstitions in animals.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

-Boss Book Agent-"Have you ever done any canvassing?" Green applicant-"Well, I should smile. I worked in a Chicago ham factory for two years."-Washington Critic.

-It is the experience of all conductors that strange things come to MEN OF INTEGRITY.

The Eind of a Reputation Which He One Over Many Hard Piaces.

"Why is it that it is the good men who go wrong?" asks an exchange. This question is of much of the same stamp as one that was formerly current: "Why is it that ministers' sons are so often scapegraces?" The latter has been shown to be grossly unfair in its implication that ministers' sons are, as a whole, unworthy of their fathers and of their training. The reverse is the case. There are exceptions, but these are rare in comparison with the number of sons of ministers who are useful and honored citizens, many of them pursuing the noble calling of their fathers. So when we are asked: "Why is it

that it is the good men who go wrong?" the answer is that the inquiry is misleading. Men who are reputed to be good do go wrong in many cases, but these are few in comparison to the number of reputed good men who do not go wrong. It is no surprise when it is learned that a man who does not bear a good name has done something dishonest or unworthy, because in this case the expected happens, and there is not a "going wrong," but a further pursuit of it. The good man by repute-and the better he is reputed to be the more surprise and shock if he does not bear out his reputation—is the one who is trusted, and when we hear of one who has proved faithless, it shows that his reputation was not deserved, or that his moral fiber has not been tested. The man who is upright and honest-honest with himself as well as toward an hour, makes an economical and others-does not go far wrong in his dealings.

A reputation for integrity is one which no man can afford to be without. But the reputation is not the main thing. This is to deserve it. It dried out to work readily into a good s won by right doing, and is kept in tilth, and sufficiently dry and warm the same way. Once established it is induce a good germination of the seed the best letter of credit a young man and a vigorous start to germ of the can have. Without it he can not hope

In most cases men of strict integrity and put in a pot without water. When have had it impressed upon them in their youth that honesty can not be disposed with. Too great stress can not be laid upon this truth by all who have dealings with the young. Temp-tations to be dishonest should be as far as possible removed from the path of those whose characters are not fully formed, and those who are older and wiser should by friendly counsel aid in firmly fixing right ideas in the youth-

Parental laxity is to blame if a young woman begins work with a vague notions of what honesty means. Too many parents sadly neglect their duties in this particular. They do not oversee their children as they should or hold them to a strict accountability, but faults are glossed over or are not seen. Parents should not be harsh and exacting, but they should train up children in the very way they should go. The honest boy is father to the st man. - Detroit Free Press.

TROUT-FISHING SECRETS. An Ancient and Acute Angler Imparts Some Important Information.

Fly-fishing is supposed to be so difficult of mastery that many are deterred from incurring the expense of an outfit which is of no use in ordinary angling. But let the veteran fisherman say his

own words: "There is a secret in fishing for trout with the artificial fly, but it can be learned in half an hour by a man who has no prejudices and keeps his eyes open. I do not say all will succeed equally well, but any man who has 'gumption' and will take these hints can't help catching fish, and he may fish all day, if he goes about the business according to his own notions, and

not get a single 'rise' for his trouble. "First of all get the highest rod you can. If it is well balanced and has got the spring it is good enough. Don't bother with a lot of flies and use only one on the line at a time. Here are four flies that will serve all purposes. One is the red spinner; the second is the black gnat; the third is the coachman: the fourth and boss of them all is the red Palmer or red hackle, as it

is indifferently termed. "Now for the secret. Take the red hackle as the standard and you will understand. If you throw it out and just drag it along the top of the water, as most people do, what do you suppose a trout will take it for? just for what it is-a bunch of hair, no more, no less. You drag it along and the hairs close on the shank of the hook; it is just a dead mass, not resembling a fly, or a caterpillar, or any thing else. But suppose, instead of this, you work your wrist very gently up and down, so as to let the elastic hairs of the hackle expand and close with the stream, what then? Why, the thing looks alive, looks like a drowning insect, and the trout goes for it directly. It is the same with winged flies exactly. There is no use having wings to a fly if you simply

drag it through the water in one direc-"Just one hint more," he said to the reporter. "If a trout goes for your fly, don't strike with your arm as if you meant to knock a man's head off with a club or slug a ball for three bases. Just turn your wrist sharply and on the instant, for the trout blows out the fly directly he finds what it is, and it doesn't take him half a second to do it. Fish up stream, use one fly, and that a red hackle, work your fly in the water to make it look alive, and you will fill a basket while your neighbors are tiring their hearts and souls out and catching nothing.

"Let me say, too, that you can't throw a fly too lightly on the water. To do this you must keep your body still, throw with the arm, and the arm only, letting the spring of the rod do the last part of the cast. In this way the fly is made to fall first-which is every thing. Watch a novice and you will cease to wonder why he never raises a fish."-San Francisco Chron-

-The largest tree in the world as cal, it is two hundred and seventy. five feet high and one hundred and six feet in droumference at its base.

HOME AND FARM.

-A light harrow run over the corn ground three or four times, the first three weeks after planting, means a

beavy corn crop. -- Cold boiled rice, alternated with tomatoes, well-buttered and seasoned, bread crumbled on the top, and baked

one hour, makes a good vegetable dish. -The quickest way to fatten an old cow is to confine her in a small yard and give her all the ground grain and hay she can eat. She should be gotten n condition in as short a time as possible. -The writer of an essay on plowing

says the common practice of running the plow the same depth every year is apt to make a hard path by packing the soil where the share scrapes over it. -Don't study stock feeding so hard

that you will neglect to make proper provisions for the feeding of your family. See that you have a good garden that will allow you to vary the diet of pork and potatoes.-Western Plow--Sheep should never be allowed to pasture on land which has been topdressed with manure, nor to graze on

land which is liable to be overflowed, or which contains stagnant pools, on account of the danger of the sheep becoming infected with parasitical life. -Cold roast or boiled meat cut up in dice, highly seasoned and moistene with its own gravy or rich stock, and covered with a layer of cold-boiled

rice, buttered on the top, and baked

convenient dish. -While it is desirable to commence work as soon as possible in the spring, there is nothing gained in attempting to work the soil until it is sufficiently

plants. \_\_Dressed Spinach: Wash spinach tender, squeeze dry. Put a teacup of cream in a sauce-pan with a table-spoonful of butter rolled in flour, let heat. Chop one hard-boiled egg in small pieces and put in, pour over the spinach and garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg.-Farm and Fireside.

-Millet and Hungarian grass are very similar in appearance, but the millet grows higher and affords but one cutting, while the Hungarian grass can be cut every five weeks if the soil is rich. They are summer crops, and are not usually sown until May. The hay from millet and Hungarian grass is highly relished by all classes of stock, and the yield is usually heavy. The ground should be well manured harrowed fine and ten quarts of seed per acre sown, or even more if a thick growth is desired.

FARMER WASHINGTON.

He Was Very Thrifty, and Business Was One of His Specialties. "In a study of the life of Washington as a planter," said Dr. Toner, "one thing that astonishes me is the amount of energy the man was constantly expending, up early in the morning. writing letters, planning improvements for or visiting his plantations and encouraging and instructing his over-seers both at seed time and harvest, directing carpenters, millwrights and men at almost every kind of work that he carried on to develop and improve his plantations. He had three fishing os on his estate mills. These were all created by his own energy, foresight and management. He was in the habit of contracting with merchants in Alexandria or Norfolk to take all his flour-for the season and all his catch of fish, both

reserved for use on his plantations. "The fish were owned and stored at his own fish-house, but at the risk of the merchant contracting. He was a thorough business man, neglecting nothing that promised a revenue and return for labor. He supervised all his farm arrangements. He made with his own mechanics, plows and harrows, repaired the farm machinery at his own shops and made substantial improvements upon the plow in use in his day. After the revolution, when he enlarged his mansion at Mount Vernon and laid out the land at the west of the house in an ornamental manner, he endeavored to transplant to it specimens of nearly every natice tree that could at all add to its beauty or novelty, and his diary says that while riding through the woods or surveying wherever he saw a handsome specimen of some tree not already planted he would take note of its locality, and at a proper season would have it removed and planted in the western lawn at Mount Vernon."-Washington Star.

herring and shad, other than what he

Salt for Black Weevil.

I will state for the information of all

interested that the common black weevil can be kept out of corn after it is gathered, or killed if already in it, by mixing salt through the corn as it is put in the crib, and occasionally sprinkling the corn with water to cause the salt to dissolve. It is not necessary to dissolve all the salt at the time of cribbing the corn, as it will continue to dissolve, except in dry and windy weather, and will do so even in dry weather if it is very warm. Do not throw the water on in quantities, as is the custom of some persons in this section. This causes the water and salt to run through to the bottom in large quantities, resulting in damage to the corn at the bottom, also to the flooring and founda-tion of the crib; besides, it may not leave enough salt in the upper portion of the corn. Some years since I noticed here a small weevil in cotton-seed meal. The same weevil, or one very much resembling it, is now to be found in corn here. The salt and water remedy does not entirely exterminate the brown weevil, but lessens their numbers. This weevil damages corn very little. I also had mites in my corn the past fall, which the salt and water exterminated as well as the black weevil. - J. L. Hardy, in Home